

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 251. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1848.

PRICE 1½d.

GREAT MEN.

It is universally remarked that now-a-days there are no great men—no great statesmen, authors, artists, dramatic writers, orators, theologians, or philosophers. Everywhere we see but a lifeless mediocrity—cleverness, and sometimes brilliancy of acquirements—but no great depth, scarcely any towering genius, little courage or ability to soar to commanding heights. Where is there now any great scholar; where a Shakspeare, Milton, Scott; where a John Kemble; where a Newton; where anybody in the superlative? The days even of Bonapartes are gone! Ample scope is there for usurpation; but we look in vain for a Usurper! The Hour is come; but where is the Man?

This is exactly one of those subjects which admits of being treated *pro* and *con*. Much may be said on both sides, without any decided preponderance one way or another. In the first place, it will not escape observation that the alleged scarcity of great men is very much caused by a general advance throughout society. For one great writer in a period of literary darkness, we have now a hundred writers of ordinary, though no mean capacity, all actively exercising their pens. For one artist of inapproachable excellence, we have thousands who can at least please us with their productions. We have, to be sure, no Newton; but look at the multiplicity of minds turned to philosophic pursuits, each poring on the face of Nature, and occasionally disclosing new and interesting features. If no man towers over his fellows, it may be because all have to climb higher than the great men of former times did, in order to be conspicuous. Where discovery has been pushed to its limits, we cannot reasonably expect to have any more discoverers. There are mariners of as ardent temperament as Columbus, and as willing to encounter dangers, but in what direction can these longing geniuses go in quest of a new continent? In maritime discovery, as in many other fields, the work is pretty nearly done. America, the solar system, the principle of gravitation, the laws of chemical affinity, the balloon, the steam-engine, and a thousand other things, can be discovered only *once*. If physical science has not actually got to the end of its tether, all within the circuit of the tether has been gleaned so marvelously bare, that in these latter days we are left comparatively little to pick up. Lucky fellows those Newtons, Keplers, Columbuses, and Watts!

True in one sense; but let us not be led away by a prevalent tendency to exaggerate the glories of past times and despise the present. After making certain allowances as to the absence of such commanding intellects as that of Shakspeare—a man not for a day, 'but all time'—it may be fairly questioned if there ever was any period of the world's history which so abounded in

men eminent for their talents, respectable for their aims and acquirements. For anything we can tell, the discoveries to be made by these men and their successors may be as grand as those of Newton, as useful as those of Watt. Great as has been our advance, we are to all appearance only on the threshold of knowledge. All things seem to prognosticate that in a century hence we shall be looked back to as pigmies in the arts—'gatherers of pebbles on the shore.' The discoveries, the inventions, the researches of the passing hour are all calculated to convince us that there yet remains a field of inquiry, which appears the more boundless as we advance. But, setting aside any such hypothesis, and taking matters only as they are, we would be inclined to speak of the present age as relatively anything but contemptible either in arts or learning. That the individuals who excel do not rise into a distinguished pre-eminence, is accounted for by the fact—a fact become proverbial—that the world does not know its great men, at least not till it has lost them. As no man is great to his valet-de-chambre, so no man is thought much of who may be seen any day walking in the public thoroughfares. It is only when he is dead and buried, and no longer takes a part in commonplace concerns, that his merits are understood and appreciated. Washington, in the midst of his mighty struggles, was aggrieved by a thousand detractors. Priestley, whom we are now in the habit of looking back to as a great man, was very far from being considered great while he lived. Chased from his home by a fanatical mob, and coldly sympathised with by men of learning, he died an exile from the country which was unworthy of him. It would be telling a twenty-times told tale to go over the histories of 'great authors' from Homer downwards, who were treated not in the handsomest manner while they were living and pouring forth their deathless effusions. Unfortunately for men who in some way distinguish themselves in literature, arts, philosophy, or statesmanship, they are usually judged of while in life not exclusively in reference to their services or labours, but to a large extent in subordination to professional and other jealousies, or in connection with sectarian and party views. In Great Britain, a native has much less chance of gaining celebrity for his discoveries in science, or his excellence in art, than a foreigner. Had Liebig been a professor in a London instead of a German university, he would scarcely have been listened to with the patience and respect he has been. We should not only have been too familiar with his name and person, but have been jealous of his reputation. It is a totally different thing when we have to investigate the pretensions of a man who lives a thousand miles off. He is then, as respects our own affairs, as good as dead, and is not likely to trouble us. One can make nothing

by condemning him, while it is quite safe to praise him: we can in his case afford to be magnanimously impartial. No man receives such numerous and cordial testimonials of his high claims to consideration, as he who is going to quit the scene of his labours. Enemies hasten to swear to him an everlasting friendship. Rivals weep bitter tears that they are to lose so great a luminary from their system. The wailings on such occasions are ever put to good interest. We all know how to be generous when the generosity places any object of desire the more surely within our reach.

But more than this: all have small prejudices to cherish, and it is not usual to speak with respect of a person who in anyway deranges the complacency of foregone conclusions. The outer world, in a state of happy innocence, imagines that the learned, so called, are worshippers at the shrine of Truth. Alas! how few are there who are not followers of idols. Each has his cherished fancy, which he feels bound to combat for in all circumstances; and wo to the man who audaciously brings distrust on his opinions! While motives so ungracious, independently of considerations of a sterner and less creditable nature, are permitted to influence the judgment, can we be surprised that so few living men attain the distinction which we ordinarily call 'great'?

If in the present age there be any peculiar impediment to the rise of great men, it may be said to consist in a widely-diffused taste for and habit of criticism, the occasional unjudging severity of which has unfortunately the effect of repressing talent unsupported by ambition. If there be no great statesmen, have the public generally laboured to raise men into power in whom they can place unqualified confidence? Perhaps the critics are more faulty than the criticised. In the United States, as we are informed, the more enlightened portion of the community, from a regard for their own feelings, take no part in politics, and studiously keep out of place. And in our own country, it is pretty obvious that on similar grounds the 'best men' systematically refuse to come forward as candidates of office. An upright man, with no selfish purpose in view, does not choose to expose himself to obloquy, or to have his services paid in public ingratitude. Thus a people may lose something by being too quick-sighted in detecting errors. A charitable consideration of human infirmities has more than Christian duty to recommend it: it is the soundest policy.

So much for the general influences which tend to repress the growth of 'great men.' Let it, however, again be remembered, that in very many instances the check on greatness is independent of external circumstances. No individual can expect to travel on the path to fame without getting rubs by the way. The more prominent a man becomes, the more is he exposed to challenge; and it would be well for him not to mistake the cavillings of the envious, or the morbid grumbings of the habitually discontented, for the expression of a healthful and general opinion. The satisfied say nothing: it is only the brawler and busy-body who make themselves heard. Besides—and here, perhaps, is the pith of the whole matter—do the great in skill and intellect always conduct themselves in a way to disarm jealousy and secure approbation? How frequently men of talent, yielding themselves up to the petty impulses of a restless temperament, are observed to destroy the reputation which admirers are willing to accord, and to which even enemies could not properly, for any length of time, present a feasible opposition. In such cases the would-be-great man is less judged of by his talents than his failings. Great in science, literature, or art, he is perhaps infirm in temper, sensual in indulgence, weak in resolution, imperfect in his moral sense. The world may be captious, neglectful; much grievous wrong may sometimes be a consequence of unworthy jealousies; but, on the whole, a man's chief enemy is himself. When Horace Vernet suffered the indignity of

having his pictures refused admittance to an exhibition in the Louvre, did he fly into a passion, and go and kill himself as an ill-used man? No. Without muttering a word of complaint, he exhibited his productions elsewhere, and lived to be at the head of the French school of painting—a lesson worth taking by others besides artists. We repeat an advice formerly offered—NEVER COMPLAIN: the world flies from ill-used men. Go on, true soul! faint not in doing the work before thee; but do it *quietly*, and leave the rest to Him who overshadows us with the wings of his Providence! Remember that the small oppressions of coteries are but transient, and act with slight effect on the truly great—great in sentiment as well as intellect. We are each of us on trial, and if conscious of rectitude, need not fear the verdict of the tribunal. W. C.

THE SILVER MINE.

A YOUNG cavalier was riding down a street in the city of Mexico leading towards the Alameda, when his own name, pronounced in piteous accents, arrested his attention, and caused him to rein in his steed.

'Oh, Don Vicente, noble caballero, have pity on me, *por el amor de Dios*; for charity, good senor, save a poor Indian, who is innocent as a child unbaptised.'

The person who uttered this appeal was evidently, from his looks, his garb, and his speech, one of that unfortunate race who, originally lords of the Mexican soil, have been for centuries in reality, if not in name, the serfs of their Spanish conquerors. The cavalier could even distinguish by his pronunciation that he was an Indian of the Tarascan tribe, who differ in language, as well as in some traits of character, from the Aztecs, or proper Mexicans. His situation sufficiently accounted for the vehemence of his intreaty, since he was then in the clutches of two sturdy *alguaziles*, or constables, who grasped him by the shoulders, and hurried him forward with the least possible regard to his personal comfort. They stopped, however, when Don Vicente turned his horse and rode towards them, saying, 'What is the matter, *alguaziles*? Who is this man, and what has he done?'

To this question, put by a cavalier whose rich dress and high bearing bespoke his claims to attention, one of the *alguaziles* replied with gruff civility that the sanguinary ruffian had just stabbed a white man, a water-carrier, in an adjoining street, and they were conveying him to the *acordada*, or city jail, to await his trial. The 'sanguinary ruffian,' who, by the way, was a small, simple-looking man, the very personification of pacific meekness, earnestly protested his innocence of the crime. He declared that he had merely stopped from curiosity to witness the progress of a game of *monte*, which was going on in the street; there were many other bystanders, some of whom were betting on the fortunes of the principal gamblers. At length, he said, a quarrel had arisen, though about what he did not exactly know. Then knives were drawn, and presently a man fell dead, stabbed to the heart. Some of the people ran away, and among them a *carbonero*, or coal-porter, a large, strong, black-bearded man, who, he believed, was the real culprit. As for himself, he waited to see what would be done with the dead man; and when the police came up, to his amazement two or three of those present, and whom he had seen talking with the *carbonero*, had pointed him out as the guilty person; and that was all he knew about it.

'But, *hombrés*,' said the cavalier to the officers, 'this Indian carries no knife. How could he have stabbed the man?'

'Oh sir,' replied the oldest *alguazil*, 'that is the very proof of his guilt. The murdered man was stabbed with his own knife, drawn out of his belt before he had any warning of the intention. It is a piece of true Indian craft and villany.'

'Do not believe it, noble Don Vicente,' exclaimed the Indian. 'Why should I murder a man whom I

never saw before? I, a poor labourer from Zitacuaro, who came to the city yesterday for the first time in my life?

'Zitacuaro, did you say?' asked the young man, looking earnestly at the Indian. 'It seems to me that I have seen your face before? How does it happen that you know my name?'

'Oh, Don Vicente,' replied the Indian, 'I have seen you many times, when you have ridden by the village where I live to the *hacienda* of Loyzaga.'

The young cavalier blushed at this reply, and then answered with a smile—'It is very possible; and for the sake of that recollection, I will not quit you until I have made further inquiry into this strange matter. My worthy friends,' he said to the *alguaziles*, 'as your time is valuable, and the proverb says that justice must have the wherewithal to subsist, you will not refuse me the favour of dividing this doubloon between you. And now, oblige me by returning with your prisoner to the spot where the murder took place.'

The officers did not hesitate to obey a command so agreeably enforced, and immediately led the way back to the place in question. A number of men of the lower classes were still collected about it, pursuing their various occupations and amusements of gambling, gossiping, or chaffering, as calmly as though nothing of importance had taken place among them. Some sensation, however, was created by the return of the *alguaziles* with the Indian, followed by Don Vicente, especially when the latter rode into the midst of the crowd, and inquired for the witnesses to the fight and the homicide. It soon appeared that though almost all had been spectators of the quarrel, very few had actually seen the man killed. Of those who had before been loudest in asserting the guilt of the Indian, the greater number now held their tongues, or disavowed any positive knowledge of the fact. Two only, both of whom were *carboneros*, stood out stoutly for the truth of their former testimony; and although Vicente had little doubt that the accusation was a villainous plot, concocted to screen the real criminal by the sacrifice of a despised and friendless Indian, yet as he had no means of proving the innocence of the latter, he was obliged to allow the *alguaziles* to convey him to the prison. He promised the poor fellow, however, that he should not be forgotten; and with this assurance Paquo Tormes—for such, it appeared, was his name—suffered himself to be led quietly away without another word of remonstrance.

Don Vicente was much annoyed to find that, while he was engaged in this act of benevolence, the time had slipped by during which he should have been upon the Alameda. Any one, indeed, could have seen at a glance that the handsome young cavalier was equipped for an appearance on that rendezvous of the Mexican *beau monde*. His wide-brimmed gold-laced hat, his embroidered jacket, trimmed with costly fur, his Guadalupe boots of stamped leather, his enormous silver spurs, of more than a pound weight each, his superb *manga*, or riding-mantle, thrown over the front of his silver-plated saddle, the *anquera*, or housings, of stamped leather, fringed with silver, which nearly covered his horse, were all in the highest style of the native fashion. It was now with some mortification that he beheld several of his acquaintances returning from their accustomed ride, and was greeted by them with inquiries as to the cause of his non-appearance. It is but fair to say, however, that his vexation had little or nothing to do with disappointed vanity, but originated in a feeling of a gentler nature. A particular carriage was expected to be seen that day on the Alameda, containing at least one pair of the brightest eyes in Mexico; and it was before this vehicle that Don Vicente Aldama had intended to make his handsome *brazeador*, or prancing steed, display its most graceful caracoles, in the hope, or, sooth to say, the assurance, of attracting an approving glance from the said sparkling orbs. His friends, indeed, did not fail to inform him

that the carriage of the Conde de Loyzaga had passed three or four times up and down the Alameda; that the eyes of Donna Catalina had been seen in it as bright as ever, but roving about very uneasily; while the pretty face to which they belonged wore a very unusual expression of gravity and displeasure; all of which facts they related for his especial gratification. Don Vicente, however, did not consider the information in the least satisfactory, until it suddenly occurred to him that the incident which had detained him would form an excellent reason for a visit on the following morning, in order to request Donna Catalina's advice on the subject, and to solicit her interest with her father on behalf of the Indian; for the Count of Loyzaga was known to have great influence with the viceroy, the Marquis of Mendoza, who then governed Mexico. Congratulating himself on this bright idea, Don Vicente felt able to retort the raillery of his friends in a corresponding tone, and took his way homeward in joyous spirits.

Vicente Aldama was the descendant of a fortunate companion of Cortes, who had transmitted to his posterity large possessions in various parts of the new land which he had helped to conquer. The father of Vicente had been reckoned among the wealthiest proprietors of New Spain, at a time when the gentry of that country comprised the richest individuals in the world. But in one fatal night he lost, at the gambling festival of San Augustin, six of his seven great estates; and the next morning he was found dead in his room, with a pistol in his hand, and a bullet through his brain—a self-immolated victim to the evil divinity that has tempted so many to their ruin. This dreadful catastrophe had at least one good effect, as it gave to his son, then a youth of fifteen, a salutary horror of the gaming table, which he never afterwards approached. The income of his remaining hacienda was sufficient to enable him to live in handsome style both in the capital and at his country-house, between which, like most Mexican proprietors, he divided his time pretty equally. Now it happened that the estate of Don Vicente was situated at the easy visiting distance—as it is there considered—of about six leagues from the seat of the wealthy Conde de Loyzaga; and as the count had been a friend of his father, the young man was accustomed occasionally to ride over for the purpose of paying his respects to his noble neighbour. As he grew older, and better able to appreciate the lessons of wisdom and experience which flowed from the lips of the count, it was very natural, in the opinion of the latter, that the visits of the youth should become more and more frequent. The rest of the family, however, including Donna Catalina, the nobleman's bright-eyed daughter, ascribed these continual reappearances of Don Vicente to a very different cause of attraction. And even the count himself—conceited old fool as he was—began to have his suspicions.

This state of affairs will account for the anxiety and trepidation with which Don Vicente, on the day after the occurrence of the incident just related, presented himself at the stately town mansion of the count. The young lady, who was alone, received him with a cloud on her brow; but the shade of displeasure instantly passed away when her lover related the accident which had detained him from the Alameda on the previous day. Donna Catalina's interest in poor Paquo proved to be greater than he had anticipated. She thought she recollected the name, as belonging to one of the numerous labourers who were occasionally employed on her father's estate in the season of harvest; and with her sex's natural sensibility in the cause of the injured, she offered instantly to employ all her resources in his behalf.

'I do not think that we should apply to my father at once,' she said, 'until we have tried other means. He has an aversion to asking favours of the viceroy: they cost too much, you know,' she added with a smile. 'But an idea has just struck me respecting the evidence which, you say, is wanting. You men, Don Vicente,

always imagine that you have a monopoly of sense and ingenuity in such matters; but we will try for once what woman's wit can do. Go, my friend, to your lawyer, and ask his advice, while I make some inquiries in my own way. Do not be mortified if I succeed where you are both at fault.'

Although Vicente was somewhat puzzled by this speech, he felt that he could do no better than trust to Donna Catalina's quick intelligence, of which he had had many previous proofs, and he took his leave, very well contented with the position of his own affairs, as well as those of poor Paquo. Donna Catalina immediately ordered her carriage, and drove at once to the spot where the murder had taken place. Her 'woman's wit' had suggested to her that, in the case of a disturbance in the streets, the female inhabitants of the neighbouring houses would be very likely drawn to the upper windows or balconies, from whence they would have a good view of whatever took place below. A very few inquiries sufficed to prove the correctness of her supposition. In the third house which she entered, she found that the mistress—the wife of a respectable tradesman—with her two grown-up daughters and their maid-servant, had all witnessed the quarrel from its commencement to the end. They were certain that the murderer was not an Indian, but a tall, strong man, with a thick black beard, and dressed like a car-bonero. A messenger, despatched without delay to Don Vicente, informed him of this satisfactory discovery; and the strength of his affection may be judged from the fact, that he was more pleased than mortified by this proof of his mistress's superior acuteness. With the aid of his lawyer, he at once took the necessary steps for procuring the liberation of the prisoner. The regular forms of Spanish law required a few days' delay before this could be effected; but at length the Indian was released, and, as Vicente soon learned, immediately left the city, without stopping to thank either of the benefactors to whose exertions he owed his escape. Vicente, however, was too well accustomed to the peculiar character and manners of the Indians to be much surprised at this omission. He felt assured that Paquo would almost as soon have faced a loaded cannon as have entered the mansion of a wealthy proprietor, or a great noble, for the purpose of making a formal speech to the master or mistress of it.

Of a very similar kind were the sensations of Vicente himself, a few days afterwards, when he approached the residence of the Count of Loyzaga, with the intention of making a solemn proposal—not to Donna Catalina, of whose sentiments he had before pretty well assured himself, but to her father, who, he had reason to fear, might not be found so propitious. The result proved that his presentment was only too well founded. The old noble drew himself up with a degree of hauteur and pomposity unusual even in him, and expressed his wonder that a young man, whom he had always treated as a friend, should have imposed upon him so unpleasant a duty as that of declining his alliance. He had a great regard for Don Vicente, both for his father's sake and his own merits, but really—not to speak of the difference of rank, which yet ought to be considered—the disparity of fortune put such an alliance quite out of the question. Besides, he added with great stateliness, he had already nearly concluded a treaty for the marriage of his daughter with the son of the Marquis of San Gregorio, which connection he considered most eligible in every point of view. It would always give him pleasure to see Don Vicente Aldama, either in town or at his country seat, on the footing of a valued acquaintance; but really his young friend must himself see that his present proposals were very ill-considered and altogether inadmissible.

What reply could Vicente make to such a speech? Could he deny his own comparative poverty, or the immense wealth of the Marquis of San Gregorio, whose son, by the way, he knew to be a pleasant compound of sot, gambler, and fool? Could he remind the count

that his own nobility was not of very ancient date, his grandfather having been a poor woodcutter, who had had the good luck to discover a silver mine, with the produce of which he bought his title and estates? Neither of these courses seemed to be exactly feasible; and poor Vicente could only make his bow (which he did with excessive stiffness) to the proud and selfish old noble, and take his way homeward in a state of mind approaching to desperation.

On reaching his house, he was surprised to find Paquo waiting in the entrance-hall, accompanied by another Indian, whose white hair and wrinkled face gave evidence of extreme age. Even in his present dejection, Vicente experienced a momentary pleasure at the sight of one whom he had befriended, and in whom Donna Catalina had taken an interest. This feeling of pleasure was all the reward which he either expected or desired for his charitable exertions.

'Well, Paquo,' he said, 'I am glad to see you here once more, and your father with you, to testify your gratitude. But you must not forget that the Lady Catalina is the person to whom you are most indebted.'

'This is not my father,' said the Indian, scratching his head, as though in some perplexity. 'He is—he is—my itzchingambaramaxtegui.'

'What is all that?' asked Vicente laughing. 'You forget, Paquo, that I do not understand Tarascan.'

'It means,' replied the Indian, rubbing his brow in deep meditation; 'oh yes! it means that he is the brother-in-law of my wife's grandfather. He lives at Trinandu, near Esparza, in the mountains of the Sierra Madre.'

'Vaya, Paquo,' said Don Vicente gaily; 'you must be a very worthy man, if your relatives come from so great a distance to show their interest in you.'

'Yes,' replied Paquo with great simplicity; 'and my uncle is a very good man too, but he does not speak Castilian. He has brought something to show you, senor.'

Paquo then addressed a few words in Tarascan to the old Indian, who advanced and laid at Vicente's feet a bundle carefully tied up in a blue cotton cloth. When opened, it was found to be filled with lumps of a gray mineral substance. Vicente took up one of them, and after closely examining it, exclaimed in some surprise—'Why, hombre, this is silver ore of the very richest quality! From whence do you bring it? Is your uncle a miner?'

'No, senor,' replied the Indian; 'but this is the case: Many years before I was born, when my uncle here was a young man, he was travelling over the Sierra Madre. The night came on very cold, so he made a great fire, and lay down to sleep beside it; and in the morning, when he awoke, he saw in the ashes something shining. He looked and found that it was silver; and he knew that he had discovered a very rich mine. So he covered it up with earth and stones, and he came away and told his own family, and no one else; and since then, we have kept it secret till this day. Now we have brought the ore to you, senor, to show that the story is true; and if you will go with my uncle and me, we will point out the spot.' And here Paquo stopped short.

'You wish me to work the mine, I suppose,' said Vicente, 'and share the proceeds with you?'

Paquo did not at first precisely understand this question; but when he was made to comprehend it, he shook his head, and said gravely, 'What could we poor Indians do with a silver mine? But perhaps you will give us something to buy tobacco with, and some new clothes?'

'What will I not do for you, my good Paquo,' said Vicente with emotion, 'if your story proves true?'

The young man's voice trembled with excitement;

* The relater does not vouch for the literal correctness of this word; it is possible that a few syllables may have been omitted.

for the visions which now unfolded themselves before his mental sight almost dizzied and confused him by their brightness. He wrote a hasty note to Catalina, imploring her to defer her consent to any marriage which her father might propose for only a single month, by which time he had the strongest hopes of a most favourable change in his position. Then taking with him two or three armed attendants (for the roads of Mexico in those days were no safer than at present), and an experienced miner, he set out on horseback for the Sierra Madre, distant about forty leagues from the capital. A Mexican Indian can rarely be induced to mount a horse; and in this instance Paquo and his venerable relative preceded the party on foot, at the usual regular trot in which the natives make their journeys. Notwithstanding the great age of the elder Indian, he kept ahead of the horses all the way, without appearing in the least fatigued on their arrival at the mountains. The silver vein was found exactly as he had represented it, 'cropping out' at the surface of the ground; and the miner declared that there could hardly be a doubt of the abundance of the mineral wealth which it contained. Vicente took instant measures for claiming, or, as it is called in Mexico, 'denouncing' the newly-discovered mine, by laying an information before the proper tribunal, and commencing the necessary works for the extraction of the metal; this being all that is requisite in that country to give a complete property in any mine, without reference to the previous ownership of the land in which it is found.

In less than a month the miner's predictions were amply verified. By that time it was known all over Mexico that Vicente Aldama was working a 'clavo,' or deposit of ore, which had already produced him fifty thousand dollars. The Conde de Loyzaga, therefore, with a promptitude which did honour to his paternal sensibility, complied with his daughter's request, first to defer, and then to break off entirely, the treaty with the Marquis of San Gregorio. He still declared, however, that he could not think of giving his daughter's hand to any one under his own rank; and possibly this declaration was the remote cause of an announcement which, before the close of the year, created some interest, though not much surprise in the city—namely, that Vicente Aldama had just been created Count of Esparza: a title for which, it was said, he had given half a million of dollars; but probably to him, with a seemingly inexhaustible mine at his command, both the money and the title appeared of equally trifling value, compared with the greater treasure which they were the means of procuring him.

The traditional account from which the foregoing narrative has been derived does not enlighten us with respect to the subsequent history of the personages to whom it relates. All that is certainly known is, that the fortune of the Aldama family, or at least a large portion of it, has survived the revolution which has swept away their costly title, along with much other rubbish equally expensive and worthless.

THE IRISH INUNDATION.

SOME notice was recently taken in this Journal of the influx of Irish into England;* but the Prison Inspector's Report on the Northern Districts, which has made its appearance since then, forces the subject upon us anew. In a country like England, already overstocked with labour, a large addition every year to the supply, beyond the natural movement of population, would be in itself a prodigious evil; but the addition in question is attended by circumstances that render it absolutely intolerable, and we feel that we should be neglecting our duty if we failed to make use of the peculiar opportunities we enjoy of access to the public, in calling attention to the subject.

* No. 240. Public Health Act.

At the time of the union between England and Scotland, the former was not an over-populated country; but still her supply of indigenous labour appeared to be quite great enough in proportion to her working capital. The intrusion of our countrymen, therefore, who naturally flocked to the richer field, was reckoned an insufferable hardship, and every means was adopted for compelling them to stay at home. This, as it turned out, was exceedingly fortunate for the 'beggarly Scots;' for a strong monarchical government controlling, and finally annihilating the feudal influences, left them, for the first time since their existence as a nation, sufficiently at peace to enable them to develop the resources of their own neglected wastes; and the result was, that in process of time the jealousies and animosities of the northern and southern died away, and the two countries became one in mutual interest and mutual respect.

Ireland is now, so far as natural means are concerned, far better adapted than Scotland was then for the support of a large population. Setting aside the superior capabilities of the soil for agricultural purposes, it possesses a dormant capital in mines and other resources, such as, if brought into activity, ought to raise the people to a high pitch of prosperity. The Arigna iron mines are supposed to be equal in value to any in England; they are surrounded by coal-fields of almost unlimited extent; and are close to the water-highways of Lough Allen and the Shannon. Elsewhere throughout the country are found, as well as iron, the ores of copper, gold, silver, lead, manganese, antimony, cobalt, zinc, nickel, chrome, and bismuth; together with immense beds of coal, and what has been found of as great importance for like purposes, bogs of turf, convertible into charcoal for smelting, and already used extensively in generating steam. The lakes and rivers of Ireland facilitate in a very remarkable manner the means of inland transport; and their available water-force is estimated at half a million horse-power.* Such is the country in which the mill-power actually in use amounts, including steam and water, only to 3650 horse-power; while all the rest, as Mr Vereker observes, 'to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds, flows, like Pactolus, carrying its wealth into the sea.' Such is the country whose inhabitants flock over to England by thousands, to fling their labour into an already overloaded market, to inundate our workhouses, harbour in our jails, and spread the gangrene of crime and mendicancy in the bosom of our population.

We have no design at present to inquire into the nature of the fatality which drives the unhappy Irish to our reluctant shores. The position of the country, however, apart from its causes, has never been more clearly stated than by Mr Nicholls, the poor-law commissioner. 'Ireland,' says he, 'is now suffering under a circle of evils, producing and reproducing one another. Want of capital produces want of employment—want of employment, turbulence, want, and misery—turbulence and misery, insecurity—insecurity prevents the introduction and accumulation of capital, and so on; and until this circle is broken, the evils must continue, and probably augment.' In the meantime, the great majority of the natural capitalists—the landlords—sneak quietly out of the way, carrying with them the keys of the treasures we have enumerated,

* See Sir Robert Kane's 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' and 'Absenteeism Considered in its Economical and Social Effects;' the latter being a shilling's worth of striking facts and sound reasoning, by the Hon. John P. Vereker.

draining the soil, year by year, of its year's product, and spending in England, and other favoured lands, the money which, if laid out at home, would elevate their country to a par with the best of them. But our present business is not with the absentees, but with the inundation of pauper labourers, which the want of nerve, patriotism, and capacity of the landowners, throws upon our charity and our contempt.

In order to understand the conduct of the Irish of the pauper class abroad, we must remember their condition at home. They have never in their lives been their own masters: they have never fairly possessed even their miserable holdings; for their payments have, generally speaking, been merely instalments on a debt which hangs like a millstone round their necks: they have never acquired even the independence frequently given in England, by the voluntary acquittance of the landlord; for in Ireland the forgiveness of rent amounts only to the transference of the sum to the next year's account: they have never passed a year without starving and begging during a portion of it. Thus vagrancy with them is so regular, so absolute a necessity in the nature of things, as to be hardly considered a misfortune; and thus have they grown up from infancy, without pride, without self-respect, and, above all, without hope. When such persons find themselves in the comparatively wealthy towns of another country, they are indeed strangers—strangers in feelings and habits. They are drawn together by a natural attraction, and seek, as if by instinct, the darkest and dirtiest nooks in the place, where they remain, acting and reacting upon each other in mutual contamination. In such circumstances, even high wages can have no power to change their character. They spend the surplus in the lowest animal gratifications, and continue to burrow in filth and darkness as before. Such is the picture of the Irish in England, drawn by Mr Lewis, the poor-law commissioner, in his Report; but even in Australia they remain unchanged, crowding together in the back lanes of the towns, instead of pushing out, like other men, into the independence of the wilderness.

The effect of recent inundations of such visitors in Liverpool, as described in the thirteenth Report of Mr Frederick Hill, inspector of prisons, is appalling. The following is the evidence of the governor of the Borough Jail:—'The present number of prisoners is much greater than at any former period, during the seven years that I have been governor of this prison. The number began first to increase materially at the beginning of this year, but has increased most rapidly during the last three months. In the three months ending November 30, 1846, the whole number of committals was 2304, and the daily average number of prisoners was 583; but in the three months ending November 30, 1847, the number of committals was 2680, and the daily average number of prisoners 701; and the number of prisoners has now risen to nearly 800. The increase has been chiefly among prisoners committed for petty offences—particularly for vagrancy and pilfering—and has been almost entirely among the Irish. In the three months ending November 30, 1846, the number of Irish committed to the prison was 818, or about thirty-five per cent. of the whole number of prisoners; but in the three months just ended, the number of Irish was 1129, or forty-two per cent. of the whole number. Thus it appears that of 376 committals, the increase in the whole number of committals in the last three months, as compared with the three months ending November 30, 1846, 311 were of Irish prisoners. The increase in the number of men has been somewhat greater in proportion than among the women. It is well known that in some instances the Irish have committed offences with the express

object of getting into prison. If to the number of prisoners coming direct from Ireland, those of Irish parentage (though born in England) be added, three-quarters [Mr Hill says one-half] of our prisoners are generally Irish. The proportion of Irish prisoners has been rapidly increasing for the last three years, and particularly during the year now closing. Three years ago, the number of prisoners in the year who were born in Ireland was 1439 out of 4932, or less than thirty per cent. of the whole number of prisoners; but last year it was 2680 out of 6769, or forty per cent. of the whole number. Thus out of a total increase in three years of 1837 prisoners, 1241 were Irish. The portion which the Irish form of the whole population of Liverpool is less than half their share of the criminality of the town; and this is not only the case with petty offences, but with serious offences also. The number of felonies last year committed in Liverpool by persons born in Ireland was 229; while the whole number committed by persons born in Lancashire was only 269, though there are more than three times as many people in Liverpool who were born in Lancashire as were born in Ireland. During the last three years, the number of felonies committed in Liverpool by Lancashire people was actually diminished, notwithstanding the increase in the population; but the felonies committed by the Irish have more than doubled, having increased from 108 in the year 1843-4, to 222 in the year 1846-7. The very names of the prisoners and their brogue show how many of them are Irish.'

To talk of the moral effect of a pestilence like this among the dense population of Liverpool would be a waste of words; but it may be worth while showing, on the same authority, the cost we are at in finding lodgings in prison for our visitors. 'The cost of the prison last year, exclusive of the interest of the capital expended in the building, was nearly £10,000, of which forty per cent., or £4000, must be considered as the expense falling on the borough of Liverpool for prisoners strictly Irish, not to speak of the great cost of the prosecution of these offenders, and of the expense of police in watching them. Owing to the insufficiency and bad construction of the present prison, a new prison is about to be erected, the cost of which is estimated at more than £120,000. Of this great expense, forty per cent., or £48,000, is caused by this same class of prisoners; or, including all prisoners of Irish parentage, three-quarters of the sum, or £90,000, must be put down as the estimated expense to the borough of Liverpool of providing prison accommodation for Irish prisoners.' To have the pauperism of Ireland thrust upon us is bad enough, viewed economically; but this costly mass of crime *must*, we venture to say, be rejected, or else, as Mr Vereker suggests, the absentee landlords taxed to cover the amount. The late alteration in the law of settlement does not affect the evil in the new shape in which it appears. Perhaps the most disheartening feature of the whole case is the fact, that an English prison is considered by many of the Irish an agreeable alternative, as compared with a return to their own country. In the county prison at Salford, where more than a third of the prisoners were Irish, or of Irish parentage, an example of this occurred, according to the following evidence of the chaplain:—'There were five Irish in the prison, three men and two women, for refusing to give information respecting their places of settlement in Ireland, so as to enable the interrogating magistrates, if they thought fit, to order their removal to their own country. Two of them had been in the prison more than four months, two more than six months, and one seven months. I saw them all, and found that they were quite aware that they could at any time obtain their liberation from prison if they were willing to give the information required of them.'

We have no desire to enter into the question of races, now so commonly discussed; holding, as we do, that the Celt is as fully entitled as the Saxon to the good offices of his fellow-men in the attempt to change what is

objectionable in his character. It will be more to our present purpose to show, from the results of actual experiment, that the change as regards the Irish *at home* is not impossible nor even difficult; and to suggest as a corollary from what we are about to state, that the failures hitherto experienced may have been owing to the imprudent manner in which assistance has been rendered. The noble achievement of Lord George Hill,* in reclaiming not only the seemingly impracticable waste of Gweedore from a state of nature, but its miserable inhabitants from ignorance, poverty, idleness, and crime, proves our position of itself. The truth ought no longer to be minced. The long course of mismanagement of lands in Ireland is substantially the foundation of Ireland's misery and wrongs. The intolerable evil is not political; it is social. According to the original compact on which lands are held from the crown, the understanding surely is, that the party holding them shall do good service to the state. It never could be meant that private proprietorship should impart the privilege of covering the land with weeds, and rearing up hordes of human creatures in semi-starvation. And yet this has actually ensued over a large portion of Ireland. As things stand, the compact may be said to be broken; and it may very fairly be a question in what manner the state should interfere either to enforce allegiance to the tenure, or to recall a gift which has been so grossly abused. English capital waits but for an opportunity to pour itself into the lap of Ireland, and how disgraceful that this cure for so many evils should be indefinitely postponed, all through the existence of a pauperism for which common sense, not to say legal obligation, points out a remedy.

Above, we have alluded to Gweedore, and are happy to be able now to give publicity to another experiment of quite a different nature, but with a termination as favourable. This experiment, it is true, has been on a small scale, and in a mountain parish containing only between 2000 and 3000 inhabitants; but it affords much encouragement, as well as much instruction, to the philanthropist.

The Ring district, as it is called, is situated on the western side of the Bay of Dungarvan, and is inhabited by persons who derive their chief support from fishing. During the dreadful season of 1846-7, these poor creatures were in a far worse state of starvation than usual, having been compelled to part with their nets for food, and even to burn their oars for fuel. Their case was brought by the vicar of Ring before the Waterford Auxiliary Relief Committee of the Society of Friends; and that body determined to attempt something in their favour, not by means of charity, but in a way that was likely to educe and cultivate any dormant feelings of self-respect that might lurk in their nature. This plan was to give trifling *loans* on certain terms, and to distribute these loans according to character, not mere destitution. 'The loans, varying from 10s. to L.3. were to be expended solely for the repair of boats and providing fishing apparatus; and whilst provisions were high-priced, a small weekly allowance of meal, as sea store, was given gratis to each boat's crew for a short period. One month after the loan was made, repayment was to commence in weekly instalments of not less than sixpence in the pound. The sums thus received, it was announced, would be immediately re-lent to other parties, and the persons assisted were therefore encouraged to do their part in benefiting their neighbours, by paying in a greater sum than the stipulated amount whenever the week's fishing proved successful; and the expectant applicants exercised a salutary vigilance that there should be no undue remissness in the payments. In order still further to induce punctuality, and likewise to aid these miserably poor people, without compromising the feelings of independence and self-reliance, which the committee were most anxious to cherish, it was also stipulated that if the instalments of

sixpence in the pound were regularly paid up for thirty weeks—that is, 15s. in the pound—the remaining 5s., or twenty-five per cent., would be remitted as a bonus; but any person getting four weeks into arrear would be disentitled to this allowance; and this arrangement has had a very beneficial effect.

'The sum originally lent was L.20; this was subsequently increased to L.50, which, with L.7 from the London Ladies' Association for Promoting Employment, L.6, 2s. 6d. the produce of clothing sold, and twenty barrels of meal, constituted the whole amount advanced. With this, and the repayments, 178 loans have been made; and the parties thus assisted have, it appears, besides (with little exception) regularly paying up their instalments, been able to maintain themselves and those dependent upon them—at a time, too, when, in the surrounding parishes, the poor-law guardians were overwhelmed with wretched objects imploring relief.'

Towards the close of last year, a deputation from the committee visited the district, and were much gratified by the 'happy countenances, independent bearing, and consciousness of self-respect' apparent among the fishermen. Being desirous of conferring some tokens of approbation, they distributed as prizes to the most punctual in their repayments a number of the warm, comfortable woollen shirts worn by sailors, called Guernsey frocks; and when the news was spread, it 'effected more than a score of processes emanating from a court of law.' In the Second Quarterly Report a very remarkable change of another kind is noted. The hamlets of the district were formerly so filthy, and contagious diseases so prevalent in them, that the Board of Health interfered with the most stringent measures. Its efforts, however, were unavailing. Nothing short of stopping their rations could induce the wretched inhabitants to use the lime and bricks that were supplied to them gratuitously. But all this is now at an end. A wish to please their benevolent visitors operates more strongly than legal constraint or the fear of death; 'their houses have been all newly thatched, and the whitened walls and neatly-sanded floors give an appearance of cleanliness and comfort to their humble dwellings.' Our readers, we are sure, will bear with us while we give one more quotation, taken from the Fourth Quarterly Report, dated in July last:—'I have much pleasure in stating, with reference to our Loan fund, that the people here are every day appreciating the value of it more and more, and, by their general good conduct and punctual payments, have convinced me that were such a course more generally adopted among this class of persons along the Irish coast, the benefits conferred would be incalculably great, for the small sums that we give are only intended to assist industry, not to foster or support idleness. And here I may mention a curious fact, for the accuracy of which I can vouch with confidence, that the parties on whom such loans have been conferred have prospered to such a degree in their different speculations, that they are all impressed with the idea that there is *some charm* in the "Friends' money;" and several persons whose circumstances disintituled them to any relief from our funds, have come to me soliciting a loan, saying that their boat required a sail or a new cable, and if I advanced them the price of it, they would repay me *immediately the full amount* advanced, without expecting to be allowed the usual abatement of twenty-five per cent. for regular payments; adding, that unless I complied with their request, *their crew would abandon them*. And how are we to account for this extraordinary success? How explain whence originated this strange impression among them, unless by attributing to industry, perseverance, and sobriety, what they ascribe to talismanic influence? For they know perfectly well, that to meet the weekly payments, they must labour constantly with diligence and assiduity, so as not to fall into arrear. They must also be temperate and correct in their general conduct, otherwise they forfeit all claim to further assistance; and hence the great mystery may be solved.'

* See Journal, No. 157.

It will be seen that in this case the good Quakers placed themselves in the natural position of the landlord, and by means of a very trifling outlay of money, operated an almost magical change on the character of the people—keeping the little settlement together, instead of permitting its inhabitants to drift away to Liverpool and other towns, and there sink from beggars into thieves. This latter process, be it observed, is the *consequence* of their wanderings; for in their own country, although offences against the person are numerous, those against property are comparatively rare. But we must likewise observe that the experiment in question applies only to individuals having some occupation independently of their land. We are not prepared to say that the loan system would be of any use to mere cultivators; for the abuses connected with land are so enormous, and of such long standing, that it seems hopeless to attempt any reform, unless of a more decided kind. In a separate publication the writer has given an anecdote bearing upon this point, which may be worth repeating here. It refers to the western coast, and to individuals who were able, in ordinary seasons, to extract a wretched living from their small holdings of land. 'A gentleman, as my informant told me, commiserating the condition of the people, who patiently endured the pangs of hunger, when the sea before them teemed with wholesome and delicious food, purchased a boat for the purpose of making an experiment. He invited some of the most destitute among them to accompany him to the fishing, promising, in return for their share of the labour, to give them a due share of what they caught. They refused to labour without wages; and after in vain endeavouring to make them comprehend that his offer was much better than the ordinary rate of payment, he added to the chance of the fishing a day's wages. On this they consented. The fishing was completely successful; and, in addition to supplying their families with abundance of excellent food, they made some money by selling what remained. This was all their benefactor wanted. His experiment had succeeded; for it had convinced the people that they were able, by their own industry, to make a comfortable and independent subsistence. "I lend you my boat," said he, "till you are able to purchase one for yourselves. Go, and make a good use of it. Be industrious, and be happy." "But the day's wages?" cried they. The day's wages! Argument was vain. They demanded a day's wages as before, and would not stir without. Their benefactor gave up his attempt in shame and sorrow, and the unhappy savages returned to their hunger and their despair.'

It will be remarked that even in this extreme case some little *management*, such as would have been practised by the Quakers, might have accomplished the object; and for ourselves, we believe, that if the gentleman, instead of employing them to *work*, had said, 'Hollo, boys, come and have a bit of sport!' he would have been followed eagerly by the whole community without fee or reward. But however this may be, the question still recurs as to the obligation of England to receive into her bosom the crime and beggary of a country whose fixed capital is hardly touched, and whose working capital is expended in stimulating the industry of other nations. We have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion that this is altogether wide of our duty, and that immediate steps should be taken to compel the Irish capitalists, great and small, to do theirs, either by imitating the Friends in person, and on the spot, or by forming a national fund for people of more courage, humanity, and patriotism to work with. We say that the absentees should be compelled; for the fact of their being absentees shows that they will do nothing without compulsion. The imposition of a special tax, in a case of this kind, would be hailed with delight by every man, woman, and child in Ireland; and by confining the Irish Inundation to their own shores, it would have a bene-

ficial effect upon the character even of the absentees themselves, by relieving them from the withering and deadening sense of shame they must feel in walking our streets, and reading our daily records of beggary and crime.

A STEERAGE EMIGRANT'S JOURNAL FROM BRISTOL TO NEW YORK.

April 26.—Left Cumberland Basin at seven o'clock, and passing by the Hotwells, gave three cheers to the multitude on the shore, which was returned by the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c. Reached King-road, and came to anchor at ten. Printed articles read by the captain. Rules nailed up to the mainmast: no swearing allowed on board; no smoking below deck; no lights after ten o'clock; and no steerage passenger to go abaft the mainmast.

27.—Got under weigh. Most of us busy unpacking: pots, kettles, frying-pans, and the like, begin to show out; and a certain disorder, called sea-sickness, begins to show its nose. Fine pickle below. Very poor appetite myself. Pipe my only solace.

29.—Little boiling, toasting, or frying this morning. All down except four of us. Cooks' galley free of access: the busy scene of cooking deferred till hungry appetites awake anew. A little doing in the gruel way. *Afternoon.*—More gruel in requisition.

30.—A poor little swallow picked up on the deck quite tired; by intreaties suffered to live. For dinner, partook of fried eggs and bacon; the first meal with a good appetite since on board. My provision-chest, lashed on deck, I scarcely dare open. I have apples, some good cheese, and butter; that is pretty generally known. 'Pray, sir, when are you going to open your chest? I hear you have some nice cheese; should like to beg a bit.' Another—'Have you any apples to spare? I hear yours is fine fruit.' A third—'How I should like to taste your bacon! I am told it is the best on board.' Many wet jackets to-day: much fun and pastime on board. I was soaked; but salt water, it is said, produces no cold. My pipe a cure for all. Now we go on gloriously, and are in the great and much-talked-of Atlantic. Most of the passengers alive again. A prayer-meeting held below, at which many engaged.

May 1.—In the course of this sail much tossing about; plates, dishes, and the like suffered wreck. Some alarm below: boxes and packages out of place; one tea-kettle, with hot water, showing off to the terror of some females; children crying; men busy replacing things. What a crowd! No place to call my own. Here is my corner, dark as one's pocket: four berths, with five inmates, close to my heels: in an angle sleeps the under-steward; then over me are two in a berth; then inside the partition, arm's-length from me, is the fore-cabin, where the sailors sleep. Two holes, cut for air, often admit water upon us, through the ship's heaving: and that is not all; here is the sailors' loud bawl changing watch, that dials in the ear, and jars and mars the little peace in shape of rest. Say nothing of being often heaved from side to side; and should the ship in the night take a fresh tack, then, to our discomfort, heads are down and heels up. Then, after her bows, and next to us, is a farmer and his family. The old man is a Universalist and a preacher. His creed I hold not with, though his counsels often are savoury. His daughter is agreeable; she is my pudding-maker. Next to these folks is an angle with four berths, filled with two young men, a married couple, a married and single woman, and a married man. Then follows one side of the ship in double rows like a street and store-houses—that is, from the fore to the main hatch—glutted with boxes and other packages; the boundaries marked out by some cumbersome article placed there. Overhead, as if for safety, are suspended beef, hams, and the like, with caps, bonnets, and twenty other articles. The walking way is reduced to a narrow zig-

zag, ten inches at most. There lies somebody's bag to be trod on. 'Who has had my map?' 'Why, I just borrowed it; but my little boy has let it fall overboard.' Water-jars and pitchers, with a tea-kettle or two, often form a group, lashed together for safety; but the annoyance of the ship sometimes disturbs their repose in the night, and makes them cry out; and the sufferer has a nose, a lip, or a body broken; to the no small tease of its owner.

2.—Passengers now pretty well; pots, kettles, and the like in requisition: two large fires and the cooks' galley all full and crowded. To prevent accidents, a chain runs across and over the grate; but sometimes this won't do: there's a see-saw, then a capsize, and a scald perhaps follows. Much fun and pastime on deck; three fiddles, and some dancing. A stiff breeze; ship began to roll, and we soon danced to another tune.

4.—Orders for a general cleaning below. All hands mustered on deck. Much bustle and clatter. Great scrubbing and fumigation; lost some beer and cider on the occasion. Opened my chest: oranges spoiled; bread ditto; and plumcake spoiling. Pipes, and a dance to wind up.

5.—Hard squalls. Few ventured up. With difficulty reached the cooks' galley to light my pipe. Crawling back, saw a female sitting near the capstan. A wave was coming, nearly mast-high; I saw it before me, but could not evade it: held fast: like a deluge it poured in upon us. I turned round to see what became of the poor woman. She was washed to the other side, much frightened, and quickly removed below. Several came up to view the scene: paid for peeping; another mountain-wave laid them as flat as flounders. Little cooking to-day. Much grumbling among the women. One poor man I *did* pity. His wife complained that she and the children were hungry, and they must have dinner. 'Here is the pan; come, go and cut some bacon, and I'll break some eggs in a basin.' 'Why, how unreasonable you are to suppose that I or any man can cook in this weather: I can't, nor wont. Give the children some bread and butter.' 'No I shan't; I will have some bacon fried; and I am sure you can do it if you like.' Obedient-like, loaded with ham, eggs, and bacon, he proceeded to do his best; but on his way to the fire he was arrested, washed down, and returned to his wife (who had prepared and laid out the little table) with the frying-pan only. 'There, I told you how it would be; but you would have your own way.' She looked mighty sulky, but said nothing. Did not escape myself: the cook had got me some lobsouse in a tin pot, and I went below, thinking to have a good supper: placed it on a box for a table, and had not left it a minute, to get my spoon, when the ship rolled, and turned my junket upside down. I was hungrily disappointed, and got laughed at into the bargain.

6.—Still squally. Busy scene in the cooks' galley. 'I say, who has taken my kettle?' 'I was here before you.' 'My pot shall go on; yours is hot.' 'I helped to light the fire, and will have my chance before you.' 'There's my wife out of patience; I can't make it boil if it wont.' In the middle of this squabbling in comes the water in hogheads, and drowns out the whole. The old saying, 'There's many a slip betwixt the cup and lip,' often verified. You have your food within an inch of your mouth—comes a roll of the ship, and you are both off—the food one way, and you another. Sometimes, by way of security, I jammed myself between two boxes; but even this would not always do. Neighbours' tea-things suffered much; more borrowers than lenders; children crying; women scolding; men enjoying the joke.

10.—A shark passed us: bait thrown out, but no catch. Wedding on board: three bottles of brandy given away on the occasion. Began my second ham; very good, but no bread. Upset some soup that was given me. Job verily would have complained had he been here. A sheep killed; mutton ninepence per pound.

12.—On deck to light my pipe. Hard work to reach a fire. Coming therefrom, met a good ducking. Wished I could not smoke: should save many a wet jacket. Much providing. Some broth overdone; some not done enough; and some not likely to be done at all. Glad I am out of the cooking at all events. General promenade among the women. Invited out to tea.

17.—Potatoes short on board; spared two pecks; was paid 1s. 6d. Here comes a little fellow who has been well all the voyage, and can run the deck while all else are glad of a friendly rope. They tell me it is often so with children. 'Twelve o'clock—the sailors' happy hour. At the cry of 'Grog, ho!' from the steward, each man bottles a gill of rum; this, unless when there is extra allowance, is a day's quantum. For their food they have plenty of good boiled beef and pork every day; boiled peas and soup twice a-week; pudding once, and potatoes twice. Red herrings they call old soldiers, and chiefly eat them for breakfast.

20.—Bad news to-day: tobacco very scarce on board; my last morsel nearly in the pipe. This morning partook of some coffee-royal; which is brandy mixed in the boiling coffee, well sweetened. Butter sold on board at 1s. a pound; beer and cider 1s. a bottle; brandy 3s.; rum 2s.

22.—Spoke the 'Sisters' from Sunderland to St Johns. We were so near as to converse without the speaking-trumpet. To be an eye-witness, and close alongside of a ship in full sail, with every stitch of canvas out, was a real picture. In the afternoon the mate and four men in a boat sailed to an American fisherman about a mile off. Two bottles of rum and some pork were put on board, to exchange for cod fish. In about an hour they returned loaded. There was quite a rage on board for fresh fish, and the captain was willing enough to sell it. Frying-pans, pots, and the like in active requisition; all hands busy washing, cleaning, cutting up, dressing, or eating their fish: it was truly a bustling time. When they were satisfied, they began to recollect that it cost threepence a pound, and to complain that it was dear. Asked by several, 'Did not you buy any?' 'Thank you, no—I am not partial to fish, particularly when it costs threepence a pound.'

23.—Smoking out of fashion: good reason, no tobacco on board; a famine quite; a few pounds would be worth something just now.

24.—Fine weather; enjoyed my meals; but no tobacco.

26.—Very stormy; little doing; a solitary individual was seen holding on his kettle for boiling, at the risk of being swilled; got a complete turn upside down; much laughter as he crawled below. Found some tobacco unexpectedly; considerable pleasure therein.

June 2.—Good water scarce; much complaining; plenty in the hold, but not to be got at. Few pots boiling; long faces and short dinners. *Mem.*—Potatoes boiled in salt water with the rinds on; ate good; but bad if pared—a secret worth knowing. Fresh meat and pudding good, boiled in half-salt water. *Half-past four.*—Land seen from the mast-head: much joy and rejoicing; drank my last bottle of beer; most of us had a peep through a glass. At ten, made out a beacon, and the sailors had an extra allowance of grog. At eleven, went below for a little rest; made up my bed for the last time, and wished for the morrow. Pleasant to find you have crossed the Atlantic without accident.

3.—Glorious morning! To the right is Long Island; to the left is Jersey State. What a fine country! Here at last is America. Yonder is Sandy Hook, with a lighthouse. What neat wooden cots by the water's edge! Observe those forests of trees, with a house here and there peeping through the foliage. The sight now before us compensates for all our toil and trouble; it is worth coming to see, if to return immediately back again. *Three o'clock.*—Reporter came on board for papers and clean bill of health; many questions asked

him; but the principal one was—'Had he or his man any tobacco?' 'No luck about the house,' and the disappointment great. He left us at four, hoisting up signals to telegraph our arrival. Thirty miles from New York, and reckoned the news would reach in nine minutes. *Six o'clock.*—Pilot stepped on board; numerous questions asked; tobacco not forgotten; and the negative proved a laugh against some of us. Shortly after the newsman came for letters, papers, &c.; but no tobacco. Names called over, and one dollar twenty cents each had to pay the captain for hospital money and custom dues: children same price.

4.—Up on deck by four in the morning. Arrived opposite Staten Island. What a number of windows the houses have! No tax, as in England. At seven, reached what is called the quarantine ground; can proceed no farther without being examined by the doctor. Two sail near us under quarantine: afraid we shall add to the proscribed list, for one of our cabin passengers is ill. Just saw the doctor, who says he will be well enough to pass. All right. *Eight o'clock.*—All hands ordered on deck: signal hoisted for the hospital doctor. Two men came on board; these were custom-house officers. Then the doctor. Each passenger's name was called over, and every one had to pass in review before him. Then all below was examined; and the ship being pronounced healthy, was permitted to pass. The passing and repassing of steamboats enliven the scene. Almost all are on deck: the women and children much diverted with seeing the fishes play.

5.—Most on board providing their last meal. Biscuits by wholesale trod under foot. My kit sold to the captain for two shillings and fourpence. Near upon half-past eleven our ship took her station at what is called Elephant Wharf. Carmen, visitors, and inquirers stepped on board; and at the end of forty days, once more I trod on *terra firma*, quite well, grown much stouter, and in full health during all the voyage. Repaired to an eating-house; dined off various dishes, including green peas, and paid a shilling. Considered this not a bad specimen of America, and looked forward to days of comfort.

FLUCTUATION OF MARRIAGES.

In the Eighth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, recently published, which contains a summary of the particulars relating to the births, marriages, and deaths in England that have been registered in 1845, we find an interesting paper upon the fluctuation which marriages have undergone during a period of ninety years—that is, from 1756, shortly after the Marriage Bill prohibiting clandestine marriages in England was passed, and since which time marriages have been registered.

During this period they have proceeded at fluctuating rates of increase or decrease, curiously and exactly in accordance with the apparent or real condition of prosperity or adversity of the country. As a general rule, the diminution or augmentation of the price of corn has been rapidly followed by an increase or lessening of their number, although occasionally other circumstances have intervened, exciting temporarily a greater effect upon the prospects of the country than that of the more abiding one produced by the price of provisions.

Notwithstanding the occasional fluctuations, the number of marriages, upon the whole, has gone on steadily increasing; so that while there were but 96,600 persons married in 1757, there were 287,486 in 1845—being as from 1 to 3. So, too, the average number married annually during the ten years 1756–65 was 112,549, and during the ten years 1837–46 it was 248,050; the latter—the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the former—being more than double the number of their ancestors.

After presenting the table of the annual number of marriages for the period alluded to, the Registrar enters into a detailed account of its various fluctuations, confronting these with a summary of the political, commercial, and fiscal conditions of the kingdom at the various periods in question. We may present a very abridged notice of a few of these fluctuations:—

1757–64.—Between 1757–61 the marriages rose twenty per cent.—being nearly as great an increase as in 1842–5. The price of food continued low, and the enthusiasm of the nation was roused by the spirit and success with which Chatham conducted the French war. The increase was especially large in the towns; and thus while in London 5823 were married in 1757, there were 9376 in 1763.

1782–7.—The rise at this time was rapid—from 126,142 to 152,896—being coincident with a fall in the price of wheat. Pitt became prime minister in 1783, and excited the hopes of the nation to the highest point by his delusive scheme of a sinking fund and his new treaty with France. Manufactures, too, flourished.

1788–92.—The number of married persons, which had fallen again in 1788 to 140,064, rose, coincidently with a fall in corn, to 149,838 in 1792. Capital, which had been accumulating, was now directed into the rashest speculations in *canals*, to be followed by a terrible reaction in 1793, when the bankrupt list rose from its average of between 500 and 600 to 1300, and the number of persons married fell to 145,760, and to 143,594 in 1794. In the local histories of towns the differences might often be found explicable. Thus in Birmingham, in 1788–9, the numbers were 782 and 903; but in 1790–2 they fell to 649, 705, and 606, the town having sustained an immense reduction of its trade by the discontinuance of the use of shoe-buckles. The Registrar suggests that the depressed state of the population, which the marriage returns exhibit, may afford some explanation of the celebrated riots in 1792. Manchester, which was flourishing in 1790–2, returned 1122, 1301, and 1657 as the numbers married; but after the revolution of 1793, these sunk to 1235.

1795–1803.—The marriages continued to diminish from 1793; and under the influence of the severe winter and dear bread of 1795, the numbers married were only 137,678, being almost exactly the same number as that registered twelve years back: but with the return of cheaper times they rose again higher than they had ever yet been in 1798 (158,954). This increase took place in spite of the immense war-burdens the country was charged with, and the extension of the poor-law to domiciliary relief; and was in part fostered by the great manufacturing improvements, and by Mr Pitt's extraordinary declaration in 1796—that a man had a claim to relief just in proportion to the numbers of his family, on the ground of having enriched his country with the greatest number of children. The numbers swallowed up by the war must, however, not be forgotten. The minister's hint was taken, and the baptisms rose from 247,218 to 262,337. The marriages, however, again fell off in 1799–1801 to 155,114, 139,702, and 134,576 persons; but again rose in 1803 to 188,788 persons, being a fluctuation of forty per cent., and the greatest on record. The years 1799–1800 were years of scarcity and high prices, wheat falling from 114s. the quarter in 1800, to 58s. in 1803.

1812–1815.—Remarkably little variation took place from 1804 (171,476) to 1811 (172,778); but the four years 1812–15 were years of great fluctuation—namely, 164,132, 167,720, 185,608, and 199,888: the price of wheat being in each respectively 129s., 112s., 76s., and 66s. In 1812, too, war with America had been declared, while in 1814–15 the Allies were in Paris.

1815–22.—Immediately after the war the numbers sank from 199,888 in 1815, to 183,892 in 1816, and 176,468 in 1817—the latter being years of deficient harvest, and gloom having taken possession of the public mind. But from that time the prospects of the country slowly and gradually improved; and the num-

ber of persons married also slowly augmented to 1821, when they amounted to 201,736—exceeding those of 1815 only by 1848. The price of corn was 66s. in 1815, 78s. in 1816, 98s. in 1817, and fell to 87s. in 1818; and to 76s., 68s., and 56s., in 1819-21.

1822-8.—Within this epoch falls the terrible year of speculation mania (1825), when, however, the number of marriages was not so great as might have been expected to be the case during the reign of the delusion. The mania was, in fact, chiefly confined to gambling in shares and loans, and was restricted to a comparatively small class of the community in towns, as contrasted with the recent railway mania, which gave employment and high wages to thousands upon thousands throughout the country. From 209,446, in 1824, the numbers rose to 220,856—wheat being at 69s. as compared with 64s. in 1824; and although in 1826 corn fell to 59s., the collapse of the excited hopes of the country was followed by a decrease of the persons married to 209,882; but by 1828 the numbers had more than recovered themselves (222,348).

1828-37.—In 1829 wheat rose from 60s. to 66s., and the numbers sank to 208,632. Trade had become depressed; riots occurred in the manufacturing districts; and during the next four years fluctuations occurred according to the progress of important political events then in action. In 1833 and 1834, cheapening of provisions and a great commercial development took place with a corresponding increase of the numbers.

In 1843 the numbers were 247,636, and increased in 1844 to 264,498, and in 1845 to 287,486.

The Registrar-General remarks, that the marriage returns indicate the periods of present or anticipated prosperity almost as distinctly as do the funds the hopes and fears of the money market. It appears, 1st, That marriages always increase at the termination of a period of war, when a great number of persons are discharged from active service with small pensions, and still more from the stimulus given to employment by the greater activity of trade and extension of commerce. Such increase took place at the Peace of Paris, the Peace of Amiens, and at the close of the last war. 2d, While wages have a limited range, the price of corn undergoes great variations; and, with few exceptions, marriages increase when corn is cheap, and decrease when dearth prevails. 3d, The establishment of new or extension of old employments, giving an increase of income to greater numbers, is always followed by a notable increase of marriages, as is seen in respect to the cotton manufacture, the canals of the last century, and the railways of the present. 4th, Increase of marriages accompanies the periodical epidemics of speculation which are witnessed in this country. 5th, 'The nation is sometimes extraordinarily sanguine. A statesman of genius, like Lord Chatham, at the head of affairs, produces the same confidence in a country as the presence of a Caesar, Napoleon, or Wellington on an army. Great victories, the joy of peace, large financial or political measures, new discoveries in science, new applications of the powers of nature, the opening of kingdoms and continents to commerce, raise public feeling to a state of exaltation, long before the slightest improvement in the material condition of the population is realised by those measures that are likely to have ultimately that effect; and such periods are almost invariably accompanied by an increase of the number of marriages.'

The various causes influencing the increase or diminution of marriages differ in energy, and may be combined, or even opposed to each other. But after any extraordinary increase of their number, or any unusual consumption of the comforts, stimulants, or necessities of life, a corresponding diminution is always found, testifying to the very uncertain description of that prosperity, immediately on the occurrence of which so many hasten to incur the additional responsibilities of the married state. 'Wealth may be suddenly destroyed, but a sudden creation of wealth is impossible, for it is

the produce of skill and labour; and though skill moves *per saltum* in inventions, human labour advances slowly, as generation follows generation.' In the invariable decline of marriages following an increase of their numbers, they have never fallen back to the original numbers—population increasing faster than they. While the marriages increase in times of prosperity, it is a general rule that the proportion of marriages to the population decreases as the mortality decreases, and that marriage takes place later as life becomes longer.

A few interesting facts relating to the 143,743 marriages performed in England in 1845 may be added. Of these, 129,515 were performed according to the rites of the established church, and 14,228 not according to these rites—a proportion of nearly 9 to 1. About 18,000 licenses are granted by Doctors' Commons and country surrogates annually—yielding a revenue of at least £36,000 per annum. There were 9997 marriages in registered places of worship other than churches; 3977 in superintendent-registrars' offices; 180 according to Jewish rites; and 74 between Quakers: 6287 men and 19,376 women were married under 21 years of age: of the men, 4·37 per cent. were minors, and 13·48 per cent. of the women; 18,176 (or 12·64 per cent.) of the men were widowers; 12,369 (or 8·60 per cent.) of the women widows; 47,665 (33·2 per cent.) of the men and 71,229 (or 49·6 per cent.) of the women signed the register with marks! 2 in 3 of the men, and only 1 in 2 of the women, wrote their names—and this in the middle of the nineteenth century!

How much is it to be regretted that, for want of proper marriage registers in Scotland, there can be no analysis of the above nature presented respecting that part of the United Kingdom!

THAT WHICH MONEY CANNOT BUY.

MR WAKEFIELD was the proprietor of the fine farm of Stoke in the county of Somerset, and passed for the richest yeoman in the neighbourhood. He began life as a small farmer, and everything succeeded with him: the wind which blighted the harvest of his neighbours seemed to pass harmless over his fields; the distemper which decimated their flocks spared his; whenever he wanted to buy, the prices were sure to lower in the market; and if he wished to sell, they generally rose as opportunely. In fact he was one of those spoiled children of fortune whose numbers in the lottery of life always draw a prize, and who can afford to begin an undertaking, just as we plant a slip of osier, leaving to the rain and sunshine the care of bringing it to maturity. Deceived by this continued career of good fortune, he had ended by glorying in his success, as if it had been but the due reward of his own industry. He himself attributed this easy conquest over every difficulty to the skilful employment of his money, to which he assigned all the wonderful powers with which the magic wand of fairies was in former days supposed to be endowed. In other respects, Mr Wakefield, jovial, friendly, and kind-hearted, had not contracted any of those vices which are too often the attendants of prosperity, but his self-importance made him now and then appear a little ridiculous. One morning, as he was busily employed superintending the masons and carpenters, who were employed in making some additions to his house, he was saluted, in passing, by one of his neighbours, an old retired schoolmaster, who had laboured hard in his vocation for forty years. Old Allan, as this personage was called, lived in a small house of rather mean appearance, in which he had dwelt for many years, happy in the respect which was felt for him by all his neighbours, on account of his excellent character, and thankful for the small share of this world's goods which had fallen to his lot.

The proprietor of Stoke warmly returned his salute, and exclaimed gaily, 'Well, neighbour, I suppose you are come to see my improvements: come in, friend, come in; one is always in want of a little advice from

such a philosopher as you.' This epithet of philosopher had been bestowed upon the old schoolmaster in the village partly from esteem, partly in *badinage*; it was, at the same time, a harmless criticism on his taste for 'wise saws and modern instances,' and a homage which was rendered by all to his cheerful temper and the undisturbed serenity of his mind.

The old man smiled good-humouredly at the summons thus addressed to him by the wealthy farmer, and pushing open the gate, entered his enclosure. Mr Wakefield then showed him, with the satisfied air of a proprietor, the new additions he was making to his already extensive buildings; by means of which he would now have an excellent lock-up coach-house, several spare rooms for his friends, and a small conservatory wherein his wife might indulge her taste for exotics.

'All this will cost a great deal,' said Mr Wakefield; 'but one must never regret the expenditure of money when it really adds to one's comfort.'

'You are in the right,' replied Allan: 'a man who has nothing to annoy him, is worth two discontented men any day.'

'Without reckoning, besides, that we shall gain in health by the change! And this reminds me, friend Allan—do you know that when I was passing your house yesterday an idea struck me all of a sudden?'

'That must happen to you more than once in a day, neighbour, I should suppose,' replied the schoolmaster with a smile.

'No, but, without joking,' resumed Wakefield, 'I have found out the reason of your suffering as you do from rheumatism: it is the fault of that row of poplars which masks your windows, and shuts out the air and light.'

'Yes,' replied the old man, 'at first they formed only a little leafy wall, which was refreshing to the sight, attracted the birds as a nesting place, and allowed a free course to the sun's cheering rays. I used mentally to bless my neighbours the Rengtons who had planted such a border to their garden; but since then, the wall has risen in height, and that which at first lent a charm and gaiety to the scene, is now transformed into a source of gloom and of discomfort. Thus is it too often in life—that which seems graceful and amusing in the child, is hateful and repelling in the man; but now the thing cannot be helped, so it is as well to make the best of it.'

'Cannot be helped!' exclaimed the farmer; 'and why not? Why should not the poplars be cut down?'

'To have a right to do that, one must buy them first,' objected the schoolmaster.

'Well, then, I will buy them,' said Mr Wakefield: 'I shall not regret the price, if your rheumatism will only leave you in peace.'

Old Allan expressed the warmest gratitude to the proprietor of Stoke; but the latter laughingly exclaimed, 'Do not thank me: I only do it to prove that money is good for something.'

'Say for a great deal,' replied Allan.

'I should say for everything!' rejoined Wakefield. The schoolmaster shook his head. 'Oh, I know your opinions, old philosopher,' continued the farmer; 'you look upon money with a sort of prejudice.'

'No,' replied Allan, 'I look upon it as an instrument, which may be powerful in our hands either for good or evil, according to the spirit in which we use it; but there are things in the world which do not bow before its rule.'

'And I say that it is the king of the world!' interrupted Wakefield; 'I say that it is the source of all our enjoyments in life, and that to escape from its influence, one must become an angel in Paradise.'

At this moment a letter was placed in his hand; he opened it, and had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he uttered an exclamation of joy, and exclaimed triumphantly, 'Here is another proof of what I have been saying: do you know what this letter contains?'

'Good news, I hope,' replied Allan.

'My nomination as justice of the peace.'

The schoolmaster offered his sincere congratulations to the proprietor of Stoke on his attainment of this little distinction, which he knew to have been long the object of his ambition, and which he felt that his friend justly merited.

'Merited!' repeated Wakefield; 'and can you venture to say in what respect I have merited it, my good neighbour? Is it because I am the cleverest man in the neighbourhood? My next neighbour, Mr Hodson, knows ten times more of the law than I do. Is it because I have rendered greater services to my neighbourhood than anybody else? Here is old Lawrence, who, by his courage and presence of mind, saved ever so many people from being burnt in the late conflagration, and who last year found out a means of curing the rot amongst the sheep. Is it because there is no other honest, right-minded man in the parish of Moreton? Are not you here, Father Allan—you who are old Honesty himself, dressed up in a coat and pantaloons? It must therefore be quite clear to you that I have received the appointment simply as the most influential man in the parish, and that I am the most influential, because I am the richest. Money, my friend, always money! A few minutes ago, I was proving to you that it could procure health and comfortable ease: now you see how it procures me an honourable appointment which I wished for: to-morrow it will satisfy some new desire. You see, therefore, that the world is a great shop, whence everything is to be had for ready money.'

'Has Peter sold you his dog?' inquired the schoolmaster, waiting a decided answer.

Wakefield looked at him with a smile, and then slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah! you want to prove that my theory was at fault! You defied me to persuade Peter to give me up Growler for his weight in gold.'

'His weight in gold!' said the schoolmaster; 'that would be a great deal; but I know that the shepherd loves and values his dog as if he were his bosom friend.'

'Well, this bosom friend is now in my possession!' triumphantly rejoined the farmer. Allan started with surprise. 'Yes,' replied Wakefield, 'he has been mine since yesterday. Peter had signed a security for his sister: yesterday the bill fell due, and the money was not forthcoming: he came himself to offer to sell me Growler.'

'And the dog is here?'

'Yes, chained up in the inner yard, where he has been supplied with everything which constitutes the happiness of a dog—namely, a well-filled trencher, and a kennel comfortably lined with straw; but come and see for yourself.'

The farmer led the way into the yard, followed by the schoolmaster. They had no sooner entered it, however, than they descried the trencher upset, the chain broken, and the kennel empty. The dog had taken advantage of the night to break his chain, and to escape over the wall.

'Is it possible,' exclaimed the astonished farmer, 'he has actually made his escape?'

'To return to his old master,' observed Allan.

'And what on earth has he gone in quest of down there? What can he have wanted?'

'That which you could not purchase with him,' gently replied the old schoolmaster; 'even the sight of the man who nourished and cherished him until now! Your kennel was warmer, your provision more abundant, and your chain lighter than that of Peter; but in Peter were centered all his recollections, as well as his habits of attachment; and for the beast, as well as for the man, there are some things which can neither be bought nor sold. Money can purchase indeed almost every earthly good, except the one which lends its value to them all—affection. You are a wise man, my friend; do not forget the lesson which chance has thus taught you: remember, henceforth, that though one may in-

deed purchase the *dog* for money, one can only acquire his faithful attachment by tenderness and care.

'Yes,' replied the farmer thoughtfully, 'I now see that there is something which money cannot buy.'

NATURAL LAW OF CLEANLINESS.

In these days of universal wash-house, bath, and scouring propensities, it may be amusing as well as interesting to learn what has been long since taught in the kingdom of nature by the silent but impressive method of example.

In endeavouring to illustrate our subject, we shall not enter into its minute details, but seek to glean the general truth from a variety of facts cursorily mentioned. Beginning even with inanimate nature, we find the lesson of cleanliness on her first page. Who that surveys the most ordinary landscape, unfitted perhaps to inspire the poet or awaken the imagination of the romancer, can point to any stain upon its smiling face, if the defiling contact of man be not manifest? The fresh raiment of the fields, the hard features of the rocks, the stream descending in clear, sparkling, laughing, tumbling waters, or stealing in slower measure through the plain; the spotless aspect of the driven snow, the smooth-laid surface of the sandy shore, the deep pellucid waters of the great ocean—these are all *clean*. There is no spot of filth to be seen in them, except when the purificatory process is actually going on. Then the heavens assume what we might perhaps consider a filthy aspect—the sky becomes clothed with sackcloth, the hills disappear in murky fogs, the mountain stream comes down in floods of mud, hurling along heaps of degraded materials; the sea casts up its mire and dirt, and at these times the law appears suspended; but, on the contrary, this is the very process itself by which the general result is obtained. In a little while all this seeming disorder ends, and the landscape only looks cleaner than ever when it is over. A vast practical benefit results from a chain of circumstances apparently so trifling as the gathering and discharging of a rain-cloud. All the impurities which a state of change necessarily entails are thus removed; not only is the face of the earth renewed, and the crowding vegetation which luxuriates upon its fertile bosom re-invigorated, but it is also washed *clean*, exposed afresh to atmospheric influences, while the gatherings of previous weeks are all swept down and deposited out of sight beneath the surface of the blue wave. Water thus appears the principal restorative of beauty to nature's countenance; but it is no doubt aided materially by winds, which scatter into the air the dust and other extraneous particles, which might and do collect upon the face of all natural objects.

We have a series of beautiful illustrations of the same attention to cleanliness of appearance in the vegetable kingdom, which, though in accordance with received usage we class them under inanimate nature, we conceive to have a just claim to a different position.* The provisions for cleanliness, however, are principally of the passive order. At first sight, one would be inclined to believe it almost impossible that a blade of grass, in immediate proximity as it is to a filthy soil, could be kept clean; the dirty splashing of a shower, or the down-pressing influence of a breeze, would suffice to take all the beauty out of an artificial grass-blade. How different the result! Pick a handful of the tender herb from the worst field, the very slushiest meadow, and it is found clean, fresh, shining, without a spot of dirt or any such thing, so that it looks as though it had but just left the hands of the Great Artificer. This result is principally due to the lustrous coat of silex with which the blade is provided, and the polished, glittering surface of which denies attachment to a spot of dirt. Grass, however, is by no means the only class of plants furnished with a similar provision, a glazed

surface, evidently intended principally for this end. While meditating upon this subject, we have been much struck with a thought probably new in its application. Before our study stands a beautiful evergreen; here are leaves which were new just a year ago; clouds of dust have enveloped every artificial object exposed during the same period; but the leaves of this holly are as glossy and clean as though the creation of last week. Let the reader extend this remark, and remember how large a number of evergreen plants are apparently specially provided with highly-varnished surfaces for this very purpose, that the leaves, being peculiarly liable to become dirty, by reason of their long duration, may effectually resist the polluting influence of time. It is not forgotten that other ends may be in view also; but it is a well-known fact to the naturalist, that in the works of creation many effects are produced by a very limited number of causes. That this cleanliness of aspect is, however, due to something more than a nice disposition of surface, will appear when we reflect upon the utter impossibility of keeping any artificial substance, however highly polished, in a similar condition of cleanliness when exposed to similar dirt-disposing causes. Look at our window-panes, for instance: here is a surface which should resist filth, if that were all that is necessary; but a little time elapses, and while the evergreen leaves are ever fresh and shining, the reflected pane has become clouded with dirt. This effect is doubtless attributable to the cutaneous transpiration which is constantly taking place, and which loosens the attachment of dirt, so that the next shower washes all away, and the leaf is as glistening as ever. The velvety clothing of other plants contributes likewise to the same end; for dust will not, and water cannot, adhere to such a surface. Our beautiful and delicate companions the flowers are also furnished with a wax-like structure, by which means they are able to cast off the accidental pollutions of the ambient air. This effect is materially assisted by the position of the parts of the vegetable creature, such as the generally dependent curve of the leaf, the drooping of flowers; and at the period of their death, the dead portions drop, by a natural process, from the stem, fall to the earth, and are speedily hidden from view in the soil, from which, in a little while, they come not to be distinguished. Doubtless, also, the sober brown colour of the mould, as well as the generally subdued tone of every natural landscape, adds much to the clean and unsoiled aspect of the whole, by, as it is commonly called, hiding the unavoidable dirt. The opposite effect would have resulted had the ordinary colours of earth been similar to its extraordinary ones: what, for example, would have been the uncomfortable-looking condition of things if the earth had been bright-red, or yellow, or blue, in its ordinary tones? Things, however, have been differently ordered; and while we survey all nature, we may fully join in the expressions of Dr Macculloch, and say that it presents that 'universal book of cleanliness and neatness, which is as striking as if there was a hand perpetually employed in no other office, preserving an order which we cannot maintain in our possessions without constant labour.'

Few minds will be found, we believe, which will resist the evidence here adduced to the existence of a law of cleanliness in creation; but if we turn to the animal kingdom, the testimony becomes quite conclusive. Many precautions against dirt in this, as in the other division of nature, are *passive*. No one that looks upon the glittering corset of a cockroach, inhabiting, as it does, the dusty cracks and crannies of our kitchen floors all night, and spotless as it is, can deny the conclusion, that there is an admirable proviso against filth in this insect. And the same may be said of the metallic-coated family of beetles, whose burnished backs repel alike the minutest speck of dirt or the heaviest peltings of a summer shower; and the wing-covers of these beautiful insects are without doubt, while they

* Vide Indications of Vegetable Instinct, Journal, No. 136.

are the shields, also the dirt-repellers of the delicate gauze-like wings so artfully folded up beneath them. Again, in the same division of zoology, consider the down and hair-clothed insects; or those that are cased in the loveliest array of scales, as the butterflies; nothing defiling will stick here, and the unsoiled aspect of every such insect sufficiently testifies the perfection of the arrangement. The glossy surface of the hair of animals is a similar provision for a similar end; and the facility with which it repels water, man often recognises, and applies to his own purposes for coats, aprons, hats, or caps.

We probably judge rightly in supposing that the active demonstrations of cleanliness are the most interesting, and are likely to be the most impressive. The several means by which this is accomplished, supply us with the order in which we shall mention them. These are *combing*, *brushing*, *licking*, and *washing*, four divisions to which nearly all may, we think, be reduced. One of the commonest and most curious examples of combing, for the purposes of cleanliness, may be observed by closely watching a common garden spider. These insects are particularly exposed to dirt; the dust of the air, particles of their webs, or defilement from their prey, become entangled in the hairs of their legs, and would probably both materially add to the discomfort and to the disability of the insect for its active life, were they not removed. The wants of the creature have not been forgotten, and its mouth is furnished with serratures like the teeth of a comb. The insect puts its leg into its mouth, and gradually draws it through these teeth, so as entirely to comb off every particle of dust and dirt, which it then collects into a pellet, and carefully tosses away! In order that this operation may be thoroughly done, and no part of the leg escape, a little curved hook is added, which bends down over the edge of the comb, rendering the escape of any part of the leg impossible. When this self-cleaning operation is perfect, the insect with fresh strength betakes itself to its occupation. This curious fact appears long to have been unnoticed, and was first discovered by Mr Rennie, who mentions it in an interesting paper published at the Royal Institution. The bird well known as the fern-owl, or night-jar, has an instrument on purpose to effect this object, a real comb. One of its claws differs from all the rest in length, and in the remarkable fact of its being serrated or toothed like a comb; and such is the intention of the contrivance. It was long mistaken for an instrument with which to wound its prey. Other naturalists perceiving its resemblance to a comb, and considering the whiskers of the bird, conceived that it was intended to comb the bird's whiskers. But against this ingenious hypothesis it was unfortunately mentioned, that some of the species possess the comb without the whiskers, in which case its function must be, on that supposition, unnecessary. The celebrated Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist of America, decided the question by finding in the 'whip-poor-will,' a bird belonging to the same group, and the inner edge of one of the claws of which is also pectinated, portions of down adhering to the teeth. He therefore very rationally concludes that this instrument is most 'probably employed as a comb to rid the plumage of the head of vermin, this being the principal, and almost the only part so infested in all birds.' In another portion of that splendid work, he mentions that the night-heron, or 'qua-bird,' possesses also a pectinated or comb-like claw, which has from thirty-five to forty teeth, and is used for a similar purpose to that in the last case mentioned.

Under the head of *combing* we are doubtless to include what is called the 'preening,' or, more correctly perhaps, the pruning of birds. Probably no creatures are more attentive to personal neatness than the generality of birds, and this they principally effect by embracing their feathers with the beak, then drawing the beak to the extremity, by which means all dirt and soil are speedily removed. In this healthy exercise it has been

well said they have been 'commanded to delight,' for while it is a sanitary act, it is also one which seems to afford them great gratification. Were it not that this beautiful part of creation is always thus employed, what filthy objects would many become who have to seek their food in mud or in the earth! But, as Drayton has said, they are always

'Pruning their painted breasts.'

and thus, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, the lustre of the bird of paradise, or the snowy purity of the swan, is never to be seen dimmed by dust or defiled by mud. Still, under the division 'combing,' we may mention the most familiar example of all, the common blow-fly. Who that has watched the ludicrous care with which this insect attends to its personal appearance, has not been reminded of human actions. When we remember our own manoeuvres with the clothes brush, and compare them with those of the fly dusting his jacket, the action has all the oddity of a caricature. How carefully he sweeps down the wings, and then his eyes and head, as if he were on the very point of presenting himself at court, or to the considerations of some fair friend! The microscope reveals his instrument. It consists of two rounded combs placed at the bottom of the foot, and consisting of two or three rows of teeth, somewhat like a currycomb; and this contrivance perfectly removes all extraneous matters, so that the cleanly insect flies off a complete beau, if lustre and absence of dirt would constitute one.

Brushing is the next division. The bee gives us a good example in point. This unwearied insect, in her perpetual search for honey, has to penetrate many flowers, which abound in pollen or farina—the light delicate powder produced by the anthers of flowers. When she comes home, she looks quite an altered character, all dusty as she is with yellow pollen, so that she could scarcely be recognised as the modest brown insect which the morning saw depart from the hive. The principal cause of this is the hairiness of her body, the pollen particles sticking fast in the pile. The insect stops, and raising her hind-legs, which are set with thick hairs, she brushes every particle clean off; but as the pollen is valuable, she does not throw it away; on the contrary, she kneads it into little masses called *bee-bread*, and then enters the hive, having stowed it away in certain little pockets behind. Many spiders are provided with brushes of close-set hairs, which effect the same purpose; and the foot-cushions of the cat must be considered as instruments of similar intention. We are often presented with examples of *licking* as an operation of this kind. The cat takes incessant pleasure in it, and is very particular about her children too, whom she licks continually when they are young. Other animals have similar propensities, and hence arose the popular myth about the bear licking her cubs into shape, when she was, in fact, only giving them a maternal purification. Insects are equally fond of it, and repeatedly lick one another. By the same means they free their eggs or pupæ from dirt. Every one must also have witnessed again and again the scrupulous care with which many animals *wash* themselves. Birds are very fond of this practice, and perform the operation with a skill which evidently manifests that the instinct is heaven-taught. To get a mind-drawn picture of this feat, let the reader think of the manoeuvres of a duck at a pond, or the more stately performance of a swan in a stream.

One of the most curious illustrations our subject admits of was discovered by the talented entomologist before-mentioned. It is a special apparatus for cleaning a very peculiar insect. At the bottom of a hole near an old tree Mr Rennie found a curious grub, which he had never seen before. Taking it home, with a few small snails found in the same place, and watching the creature, he found it employed in a very anomalous manner. Its tail was turned up, and bent over its back, and every now and then removed again. For some

time the object of the creature in this occupation was a complete mystery. At length the tail was examined, and the most singular apparatus was there found. In shape it was somewhat like a shaving brush: under the microscope it was found to consist of a double row of white cartilaginous rays, which were retractile at the will of the creature, like the horns of a snail. In the interspace was a funnel-shaped pocket, which turned out to be a sort of little dust-hole. Now this was its manner of operation: the tail was bent up over the back, and applied to any part of the insect's body; the creature then caused the rays to retract, so as to make the whole act somewhat like a boy's sucker, thus drawing off every particle of dust and dirt from its glossy skin. This done, they were stored up in the little pocket until it was quite full, and then the insect, by a vermicular motion of the same instrument, caused the collected matters to be expelled in the form of a little pellet, which it was careful to deposit out of the way.

Not only are animals commanded by the Author of their being to pay this regard to their personal cleanliness, but the homes of many among them are patterns of neatness and order. How often may we be amused at the diligence of the spider in keeping her net clear of the smallest particle of dirt! what lines will she not cut away and lay down again to secure this end! What a miracle of skill and neatness is a bird's nest, and how assiduously the parent birds remove every impurity from it! Even the proverbial filth-lovers, swine, are uncommonly particular in their homes; for it is well known that no creature is so anxious to have a clean and comfortable bed. And very probably the dirt-encasing gambols of these animals are to be excused on the score of an irritating cutaneous affliction, or are intended to resist the stings of insects. Let us hope, as we close this short article, that the lessons it is calculated to convey will not be forgotten. Let our poorer classes take just shame to themselves to be alone in their filth. While every domestic animal teaches wisdom, and while all creation exhibits the same pervading principle, will they be content to run the risk of opposing a plain precept of nature? Theirs is not all the blame, when we remember that even statesmen are only just alive to this oldest of all truths, coeval with the very institution of the present scheme. When it has been our lot to visit dirty habitations, and when we remembered the wide-spread lesson taught us in creation, often have Heber's words risen to recollection with a sigh, reminding us that

'Only man is vile.'

YOUR BUSINESS IS UNDER CONSIDERATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PETIT SENN OF GENEVA.

EVERY administration in the world—whether it be the executive of the state, or a corporation board, or a committee, or an individual 'dressed in a little brief authority'—has a greater or less store of dilatory phrases to which recourse is had for the purpose of answering urgent applications, putting off the impatient, satisfying the clamorous, and giving to all petitioners the impression of unceasing labour in their cause. At the head of these phrases for answering everything and everybody, the sentence surely deserves to be placed, 'Your business is under consideration.' Admirable phrase! admirable for the very vagueness of its definiteness and the very definiteness of its vagueness. Laconic too! as brief as could possibly be desired. It is eminently an administrative phrase. Unparalleled in its applicability, it adapts itself to everything—furnishes a full reply in itself, or an admirable backing to an objection or excuse—accounts for the most protracted delay in any kind of business under the sun—is an answer to every question, and the only answer to some questions. All committee-rooms echo with it—all council chambers resound with it. It is a sentence, in short, which should be engraved

upon the threshold of all government offices and the seats of all government officials, in order that, should the latter be absent, and the former closed, the anxious applicant need not call again for the answer he will most assuredly receive.

But the more closely we examine the full bearing and import of this combination of words, the more admirable it must appear to us. An individual inquires, 'How is my business going on?' and I, an official somewhere or other, reply, 'It is under consideration.' 'Under consideration?' Observe the satisfactory ambiguity of the words. Had I said 'under my consideration,' or 'under any one's consideration,' I should have reduced it at once to the value of the unit; but now not only am I included, but everybody else who works with me: the entire body of which I am a member are clearly designated. There is nothing whatever to prevent your imagining the heads of government engaged in the matter; the applicant, if a novice, of course concludes it at once to be so, and pictures to himself the whole administration engrossed by his memorial, employed upon the means of redressing his grievance or granting his petition. What can satisfy him if he be not content with every wheel of government turning for him, and for him alone?

'Under consideration.' You are not left a word to say: objection you can make none. Had you been told 'It has been considered,' you might naturally have asked, 'What was the decision?' Or had it been said 'It will be considered,' you might request, with all due humility, to be informed at what period it was thought possible it might come to your turn to engage the attention of the body to whom your business has been submitted. But it is quite another matter now. The words are, 'It is under consideration'; that is to say, at this very moment every effort is being made to do you full justice, every energy is put forth, every nerve strung in your behalf: the attention of every one is riveted upon you, and you alone. What more would you have? You stand, with open mouth, completely arrested, fixed to the spot by this answer, unable to articulate more at the very utmost than an 'Ah!'—a little prolonged it may be—and you can but bow politely and retire, as fully satisfied as your temperament or knowledge of the intrinsic value of words permits you to be.

'Under consideration.' You may have these words repeated to you for twenty years successively; but with what show of reason can you complain of the cool, cautious, deliberate inquiry into every circumstance of your case, or of the length of time employed in the investigation of your business? What is it you want? That it should 'be considered.' Well, and have you not been told that this is precisely what is doing? You have absolutely nothing left to say. If not completed sooner, it is because it is impossible to proceed more rapidly in doing the thing well. Surely you would not have it slurred over? And you cannot, in conscience, require that your case should be considered oftener than always.

Most valuable phrase! What tiresome circumlocutions, what troublesome explanations, what framing of excuses, are spared by it to authorities in general! Officials may slumber as sweetly on these few words as in an easy-chair. The phrase is the very ottoman of power, the downy pillow of bureaucracy, whence it may meet every proposal of amelioration, every expectation of improvement, every desire for a new order of things by a few words—the true talisman of *statu quo*—'It is under consideration.'

And now that it has been itself 'under consideration,' who will not thank me for having made this feeble effort to hold up a phrase playing so important a part in parliamentary proceedings to the enthusiastic admiration and gratitude of those who make use of it? I write not for the ingrates who are unreasonable enough to feel indignation at its being addressed to themselves.

REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

In the 'Times' of September 13, appears a long paper communicated to the Board of Health by an officer of rank long resident in India, descriptive of an alleged remedy for cholera. The prescription, which is said to be of Arabian origin, is stated to have been found unvarying in its efficacy, and to be well worth the attention of the faculty. We extract the following passages referring to the method of treatment:—

The ingredients employed are, asafoetida, opium, and black pepper pulverised. The dose for an adult is from a grain and a-half to two grains of each; if pure, one and a-half grains will be sufficient. These ingredients are to be made into a pill.

The pills so made up, one dose in each, are to be kept ready for use in a phial well closed, as it is of great importance to check the disease the instant of its attack.

The best mode of administering the pill is not by swallowing it whole, lest it be rejected in that state, but by chewing it and swallowing it with the moisture of the mouth, and a very little brandy and water to wash it down. The next best way of administering the medicine is by bruising the pill in a spoonful of brandy and water, and then swallowing it.

Much liquid must not be given; but to relieve the thirst, which is great, brandy and water by spoonfuls occasionally is the best mode.

The dose should be repeated every half or three-quarters of an hour, according to the urgency of the symptoms, until they have been subdued. From three to five doses have generally been sufficient for this, although as many as eight have been given before health has been restored in bad cases.

Should great prostration of strength prevail, with spasms or without spasms, after the other symptoms (vomiting, purging, &c.) have been subdued, the medicine must not be wholly left off, but given in half or quarter doses, so as to keep up the strength and restore the pulse.

Friction, with stimulating liniment of some kind, ought to be applied carefully to the stomach, abdomen, and legs and arms; and when pain in the stomach has been severe, and there was reason to fear congestion of the liver, eight or ten grains of calomel have been given with good effect.

In cases of collapse and great prostration of strength, the application of the tourniquet to the arms and legs has been recommended, in order, as it were, to husband the vital power by limiting the extent of the circulation. This may be tried, using a ligature of tape or other substance, if the tourniquet be not available.

The favourable symptoms of recovery are, restoration of the pulse, returning warmth of the body, and sleep; and after being refreshed by sleep, the recovery being complete, a dose of castor oil may be given.

[A subsequent correspondent of the 'Times' remarks, that as the swallowing of the medicine, as above, may create nausea and vomiting, the pill should be swallowed whole in a small quantity of diluted brandy. This is a matter of detail, which we suppose cannot be difficult to arrange.]

PEDESTRIANISM IN THE BRICKYARD.

A Gloucester paper says:—'There is a lad in a brickyard who walks, or rather runs, over a space of ground equal to sixty miles daily. Nor is the space travelled by any means the most arduous portion of his task; for he has to carry, during thirty miles of his journey, a mould or hod, containing wet clay, weighing together more than 12 lbs., and for the other thirty miles he has to carry back the empty mould weighing 4 lbs., and he has to stoop and pick up the mould no less than six thousand times! What is the gathering of a hundred stones in a single hour compared to the unintermitting exertion of this poor overworked boy, whose labour is running, stooping, and lifting, is continued for eighteen hours in succession, during which time he removes upwards of twenty-four tons of wet clay? Prodigious as all this appears, we have the authority of the boy's employer that the fact is literally as above stated, and further, that it is not a solitary performance, but has been done for five successive days during the present week. The daily earnings by this amount of labour are stated to be half-a-crown.'

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in summer-time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea:
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.
The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer-time,
And brighter than the dew.
It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

—*Newspaper.*

HYDRAULIC POWER.

An engine, moved entirely by the pressure of water, has been exhibiting in operation in the premises of the Water Company for the last few days. The engine is constructed upon the horizontal principle, the cylinder being two inches diameter, and length of the stroke twelve inches. It can be worked at a speed of from sixty to eighty strokes a minute, but it is calculated to work at thirty-nine, at which speed it is equal to three men's power. We particularly observed the motion of the slide valve, which was opened and shut almost instantaneously with a very pretty mechanism, leaving the passages open for a considerable period during the stroke—thus allowing the water to discharge itself freely from the cylinder, a difficulty hitherto experienced in the working of hydraulic engines. The engine, we understand, was made by Messrs Steele and Sons, Lilybank Foundry, at the request of the manager of the Water Company, and is entirely an experimental engine. It proves the efficiency of water as a motive power when applied in this manner, and will be found of great benefit to those requiring a small supply of power, as it can be erected in any position or situation, and requires no preparation to put it in a working state, nor any particular knowledge in the management, as it is set going, and put off, by the simple turning of a stopcock. One great advantage connected with a hydraulic engine is, that it may be placed in any part of the premises, wherever it is found most desirable, without any risk of fire—a drawback at all times to the utility of ordinary steam-engines. It is on that account particularly valuable for wrights, &c. where a danger of fire exists. The engine has attracted considerable attention, no doubt from the consideration of the many useful purposes it can be applied to. Messrs Paxton and Sinclair, tea and coffee merchants, Reform Street, had a quantity of coffee ground by the application of the power, in presence of a number of spectators, who testified their admiration of the neat and efficient manner in which the machinery was propelled. We understand it is the intention of these gentlemen immediately to avail themselves of the invention throughout their operations.—*Dundas Warder.*

[At Peebles, we lately saw a wheel of small size and diameter, which is turned by no more water than what is conveyed in a leaden pipe of about an inch in the bore. The power, which is employed to work a pump in connection with the public gas-works, is equal to that of two or three men. How easy would it be to fit up machinery of this simple kind in cities—how inexpensive the power! A pipe of water introduced into a dwelling for domestic or other purposes, might in the first instance be led to the top of the house, and made to turn a wheel in making its descent to the lower floors. The world has not yet awakened to hydraulics.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, London; and J. M'GLASHAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.